

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

March 1920.

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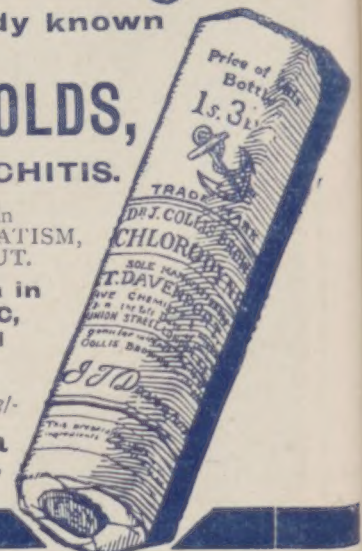
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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



THE MERMAID'S SONG. *See page 53.*

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

Peggy and Prince.

FARMER BELL and his granddaughter Peggy went hand in hand through the fields. They were going to the westmost field to see the new foal.

It was Peggy's birthday. She was eight years old to-day, and you could not have found in all Scotland a happier little maid.

They went through wheat fields, corn fields, and fruit fields. Every now and again Peggy stopped to pick a bright red berry, and then she would dance along more gaily than ever.

Down in the hollow flowed the river Clyde, and they could see it gleaming through the trees. "How pretty it looks with the sun upon it!" said Peggy; "I am so glad I was born in Clydesdale, grandad!"

"Ay, lass; it's a bonnie river," said he.

Soon they reached the westmost field; and here they saw Kitty, the mare, and Prince, her foal.

The two were standing together, and Kitty was talking wise words to her son. *You* would not have known what she said, but Prince did. His ears were pricked up to listen; and no doubt he was saying, "Yes, mother," as a good foal should.

But Prince was not always so quiet. His eyes rolled with a frisky light; and sometimes, if he did but hear a dead leaf rustle in the hedge, he would race away round the field as if he were mad.

Then his old mother would stand and gaze after him. "Well, I never!

what *will* he do next?" she seemed to say; but soon she would trot across the field towards him, and whinny with joy when they met.

Prince, however, was in a quiet mood to-day, though he started back when the farmer drew near.

"What a darling foal!" cried Peggy. "Why, grandad, he is just like the tiny pony we saw at the circus."

But the farmer shook his head. "No, no, lass; Prince *will* never jump through a hoop; he is far too heavy. But I'll tell you what he'll be some day, Peggy—just the finest dray horse in Clydesdale!"

Peggy clapped her hands. "Do you hear that, Prince?" she cried, and the little foal pricked his ears as if he did.

"Well, Peggy," said her grandfather, "and how do you like your birthday present?"

"What present, grandad?" asked Peggy, with wide-open eyes.

"Just this little Clydesdale foal," was the reply. "I am going to give him to you."

"To be all my own?" cried Peggy. "O grandad, do you really mean it?"

"I really mean it," said he. "If you send him to the show and he wins a prize, the money shall be yours; and when I sell him at last, I shall put the price he brings into the Bank of Scotland for you."

So Prince, the foal, became Peggy's very own, and soon they were fast friends. Every day she went to the field to see him. She always took some lumps of sugar in her pocket. Prince loved these titbits, and by-

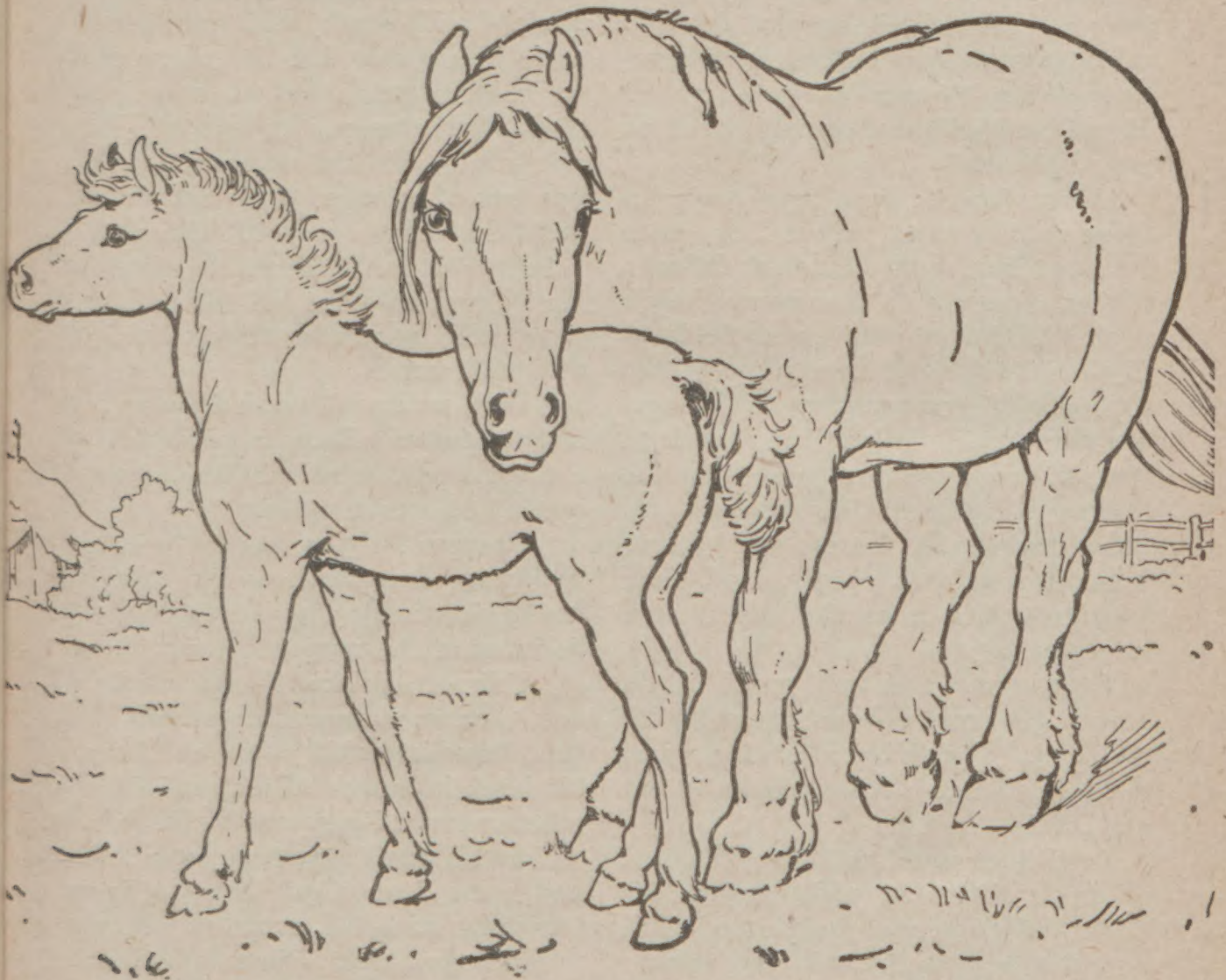


and-by he would follow her all over the field to get them.

When the time for the farm show came, he was brushed and combed till he looked very smart ; and Peggy

" FIRST PRIZE " was printed on it, and Peggy felt very proud of him.

Two years passed by. Peggy was now ten years of age, and Prince was a great big horse.



gave him a kiss on his nose for good luck before he was led away.

There were many other Clydesdale foals at the show, but none of them were half so handsome as Prince. That night he came home with a big yellow ticket on his neck.

The farmer had taught him to obey the bit, and to draw the heavy carts to and from the fields. Their weight was no trouble at all to Prince, he was so very strong.

" It is time he was sold, Peggy, my lass," the farmer said at length ;

and Peggy ~~knew~~ he must be right. So Prince was ~~taken~~ away to a horse fair and sold. The money was put in the bank for Peggy, but she felt that she would rather have kept her pet.

Just before he set out, Peggy had laid her soft cheek against his and cried very sadly. "Don't forget me, dear Prince!" she whispered; and Prince had whinnied gently, as if to say, "No, no."

He was bought by a horse-dealer in Glasgow city, who paid a large price for him; and from that hour Prince's life was passed in the town. Never again did he see the green fields of Clydesdale, though he often saw the Clyde looking very muddy and brown.

Prince and another horse used to draw a great wagon to and from the docks. Sometimes the wagon was piled high with boxes and bales; sometimes it was empty, and then they trotted through the streets at a merry pace.

The wagoner was very proud of his team. He treated both horses kindly and well. They lived in a nice, warm stable, and had always plenty to eat and drink.

Yet Prince could not forget his dear mistress. Often at nights, when his work was done, he would stand with drooping head in his stall, and wonder why she did not come to pet him as she used to do.

Well, Christmas time came, and all was bustle in the city. Prince's wagon was on the road from morning till night. The docks were so crowded that often the horses could hardly make their way through. Great ships

came laden with goods from other ports, and these the wagoner had to take to the houses and warerooms of Glasgow.

It was a gay sight to see them rattle along. Each horse had a bright red tassel on his forehead, and a smart sprig of holly stuck in his saddle-bow.

On Christmas Eve they were early on their rounds; but at five o'clock the wagon was nearly empty. "Gee up, lads!" said the wagoner. "Only one box of oranges to get rid of now, and then—home we go to supper!"

Prince and his friend, hearing the kindly words, went on at a jaunty pace, and by-and-by they pulled up at a quiet house.

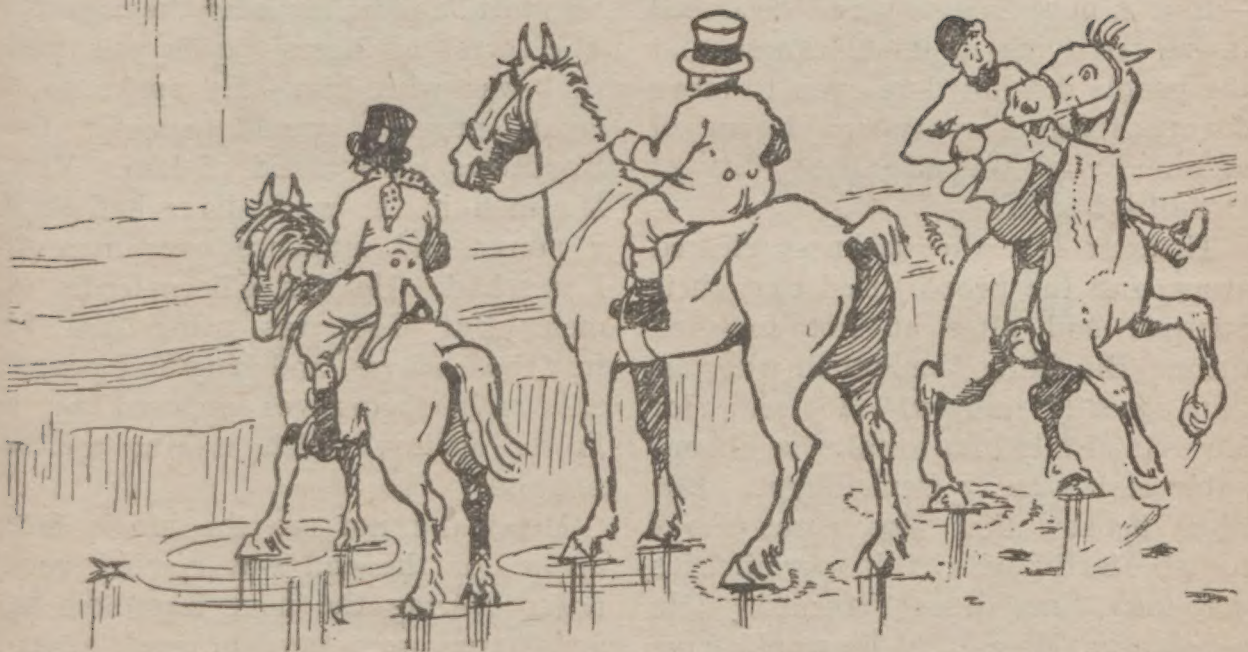
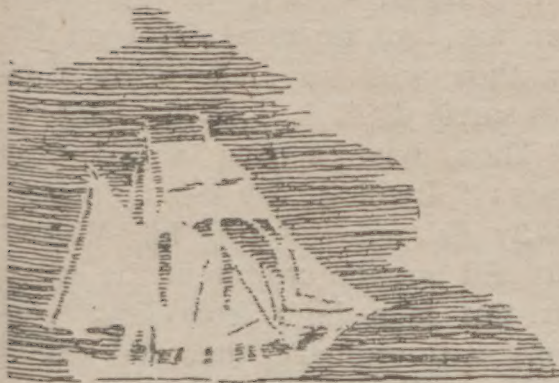
"Here we are!" cried the wagoner, leaping down. Then he gave the bell a mighty pull, and a little girl came quickly to open the door.

"Oranges for you, miss!" said the wagoner. But the little girl paid no heed; she was peering out through the darkness at the wagoner's team.

"Prince! Prince!" she cried at last, rushing down the steps. The tired horse knew her voice, and turned his head in search of her, and in another moment Peggy was by his side.

For this was Peggy once more. She had come from Clydesdale to spend Christmas with her aunts in Glasgow. "I knew you, dear Prince!" she whispered; "and I am so glad—so glad to see you again!"

Prince was glad too; his gentle brown eyes showed it. Both horses had a feast of sugar and other good things. The wagoner got a bright new shilling as a Christmas box, so I think he also was glad that Peggy met Prince.



Three Jovial Welshmen.

THERE were three jovial Welshmen,

As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's Day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said nay ;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

Motto for March.

*Have a heart which never hardens, a
temper that never tires, and a touch that
never hurts.*—DICKENS.

Sent in by WILLIAM KELLY,
10 Livingstone Place, Edinburgh,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

The Pillar of Fire.

THE STORY OF MOSES AND HIS TIMES.

BY ROY DAWSON, M.A. (OXON.).

CHAPTER X.

THREE days of black darkness! How horrible that would be! And that was what happened in Egypt after the locusts had departed. It was "a darkness that could be *felt*"—that is how Moses himself described it—so terrifying in its blackness that the people did not dare even to move during those seventy-two hours of night. Egypt was like the "City of Dreadful Night."

Then at last the darkness cleared away, and the people cried that their Sun-god had after all not forsaken them. But King Menepthah was this time greatly moved. He sent for Moses, and told him to take his abominable slaves away from Egypt. But when he saw that Moses was about to go forth with this permit, his ingrained shrewdness returned. He called after Moses that he would have to leave the Israelites' cattle behind in Egypt! These serfs, he thought, would be soon obliged to come back if they went into the sandy desert without any means of getting food.

Moses was not to be so easily cheated. He was not afraid of this shifty king. He told him that "not a hoof" should be left behind. His manner filled Menepthah with fury. Never in his life had any one, great magician or not, *dared* to thwart him. He rose from his throne and shouted at Moses

in his anger. "Go," he screamed, "see my face no more; for on the day thou seest my face again thou shalt surely die."

"Thou hast spoken well," said Moses: "I will see thy face no more."

Why did not the king kill Moses? Why did not the crowds in the street tear this man limb from limb? It seems extraordinary that he should have been allowed to live for a moment after threatening the greatest king in the world and half ruining the country. The secret of Moses' power was that God was with him. He spoke as a great prophet would speak; the Egyptians were afraid of him. Very few men in the world have had such a power and influence over men as Moses had. He was a born leader of men. But God was using him to free those slaves, and king and people alike felt themselves opposed by a Power against which it was useless to fight.

Moses did not see the king's face again, for the end was coming very near. During the next few days he and Aaron were hard at work arranging for the Israelites to leave Egypt. And a difficult work it must have been. The Israelites were never very easily moved. It must have needed no end of patience and enthusiasm to teach those poor creatures what to do. Each little family had to be prepared and ready for departure. Probably for weeks before the great day arrived the chiefs of their clans, under Moses' direction, would be drilling them and keeping up their courage. On a certain fixed day a lamb was to be sacrificed

in each household, and its blood must be sprinkled on the lintel and doorposts of each little hut, that the angel of death might *pass over* the Israelites' dwellings. There were also many other rites to be observed. Above all, everything must be packed up and ready for departure. At the sacrificial meal,

knew in their hearts that the God of Israel was working for His people. And the last and worst "plague" of all just convinced them. The Psalmist evidently believed that it was a terrible pestilence, a sort of Black Death, that killed all the first-born of Egypt; and very likely it was such a "visitation"



on the fourteenth of the month called Nisan, they were to eat *standing*, with staves in their hands and all their little belongings ready. It was a moment of breathless excitement.

And then the hour struck, and the last plague fell upon Egypt. It came at the end of such a terrible series of disasters that the king and his people

as that. But Menepthah and his people knew it was a visitation of God. They had no doubt at all as to the Power that had brought this upon them. A terrible cry of grief rose up from every family in the land, and the Egyptians as one man thrust the Israelites out of Egypt. The king himself, in his terror, sent a

messenger by night to Moses and Aaron. "Rise up," said he, "and get you forth, ye and the children of Israel." Yes, even his fierce pride was broken, for his last despairing message to Moses was, "Bless me also." Menepthah of Egypt asked for a slave's blessing!

And so at early dawn that great army of Israelites set out. Moses and Aaron headed one company themselves; the rest were given a rendezvous in the land of Succoth. Altogether six hundred thousand people left Egypt that night.

The Dissolving Coin.

PRESENTATION.—The conjurer, standing a glass of water upon his table, borrows a half-crown, and places it in the centre of a loaned handkerchief. He then requests a member of the audience to hold it over the glass so that the folds of the handkerchief hang around it and completely hide it from view (Fig. 1).

The performer next asks the person holding the coin to let it drop into the water. He does so, and the audience hear it tinkle as it strikes the bottom of the glass. But when the handkerchief is removed the half-crown has disappeared!

A dish containing a number of oranges is standing upon the table. The conjurer picks up a knife and plunges it into one. Passing it to a member of the audience, he requests him to cut it open. Upon this being done the half-crown is discovered

embedded in the centre of the fruit (Fig. 2).

APPARATUS REQUIRED.—(1) A glass of water; (2) a half-crown; (3) a watch-glass the size of a half-crown—one can be purchased for twopence from any watch repairer; (4) a dish of oranges. A small cut must be made in one of them, and the half-crown forced into the incision. The prepared orange should then be replaced



Fig. 1.

upon the dish, care being taken that its position is remembered.

PATTER.—"It is always a conjurer's duty, during some part of his entertainment, to borrow. The time is now ripe for me to perform that pleasant duty. Will some one kindly supply me with a half-crown and a handkerchief?"

As the performer walks amongst the audience to obtain the handkerchief, he secretly takes the watch-glass from his waistcoat pocket—where it has

been placed in readiness. As he returns to his table with the handkerchief and the half-crown, and whilst his back is to the audience, he must substitute his watch-glass for the coin, which can either be slipped into his waistcoat pocket or dropped surreptitiously on to the *servante*. The performer then faces the audience, holding up the watch-glass instead of the half-crown in the centre of the handkerchief.

"I have placed the half-crown in the handkerchief, and should now like the assistance of a young gentleman.

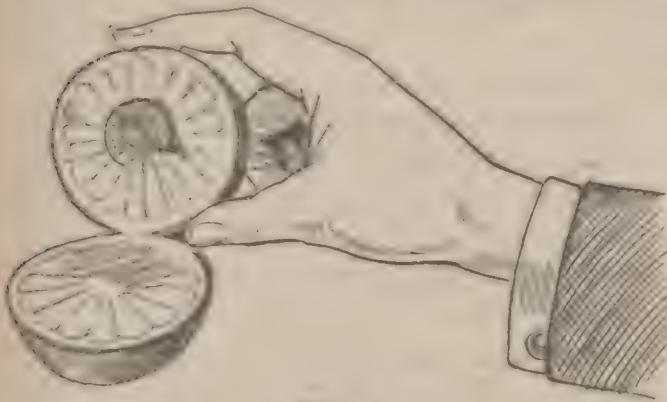


Fig. 2.

"Thank you, sir. Would you mind holding this coin over the glass, and let it fall into the water when I count three? Thank you! One—two—three! You're sure you dropped it? Well, will you please remove the handkerchief, thus taking the half-crown from the water?" (The watch-glass, being transparent, will be invisible at the bottom of the glass, and the assistant will immediately declare that the coin has vanished.)

"It's gone, you say? That's rather awkward for the gentleman from whom I borrowed it. But perhaps you'd

like to pay him back yourself? You strongly object! Well, I must see what I can do."

The conjurer walks over to the dish of oranges.

"In order to see how this trick is done, ladies and gentlemen, you must keep one eye upon me, one eye upon that dish of oranges, and the other upon the gentleman who is assisting me. What's that? You haven't three eyes. I think you are mistaken. First, there's your right eye; then there's your left eye; and your neck(eye)ie makes the third."

The performer then plunges a knife into the prepared orange and hands it to his assistant.

"Would you mind cutting that in half?" (Upon doing so the young gentleman will, of course, find the coin embedded in the fruit.) "You have found the missing half-crown in its centre? Would you mind returning the coin to its owner? And I must thank you for the very able assistance you have afforded me."

His Special Gift.

"**N**OW," said the teacher, "the thing that you want to keep in mind is that you should always seek to do some one thing better than any one else can do it. Is there any one among you who is sure he can do one thing better than any one else?"

One small boy eagerly replied,—

"I can read my own writing better than any one else can."

Stumpy.

LITTLE Joan's favourite doll was by no means beautiful. "Stumpy" had no legs, and one of her arms was broken off at the elbow. There was no smile on her face; she did nothing but stare. Her once handsome Dutch costume was faded and ragged, and she was usually wrapped round with a strip of an old red plaid shawl.

"Stumpy" had a habit of turning up in the most unexpected places. Papa would go to reach a book from his bookcase, and "Stumpy" would fall out too. Or just as mother was going to sit in the nursery rocking-chair, when she came to tell the children a "good-night" story, she would notice that the cushion did not lie flat, and lift it up—to find "Stumpy." Betty and May, and even Cecil in his snug little room next to the nursery, were always careful to examine their beds before getting in, as it was most uncomfortable to strike one's bare toes against the wooden body of "Stumpy" and hear Joan's shouts of delight.

"It will be so nice to play with boys for a change," said Cecil to his father in the train. He was going to school, and he would not see his sisters again before the Christmas holidays.

All was so new and interesting that first night that Cecil had no time to be homesick. His bed was in a long dormitory, where slept fifteen other little boys; and he was awake a long time wondering which of them would be his chum.

After breakfast the next morning the boys were sent to the boxroom to take out all their clothes and arrange them on their beds, so that Matron could see that every garment was clearly marked. Cecil felt proud of his new suits and his other warm garments, and he placed them in neat piles, bringing an armful at a time from his box. The other boys of his dormitory were out to play before he had finished.

He was alone in the boxroom, and was just going to run upstairs with his dressing-gown, when the folds came apart, and out tumbled "Stumpy" in her plaid shawl! She fell with a thud that made Cecil jump. But how quickly he seized her, and pushed her right to the bottom of his box! Then he tried to turn the key, but the lock was broken. The bell rang, and he had to leave it, and hope that nobody would discover his little sister's naughty prank.

Poor Cecil! His one thought now was to get rid of "Stumpy"—but how? Being summer-time there were no fires in the classrooms, so he could not burn her. He dared not hide her with his clothes in his locker upstairs, because Matron might discover her; and how the boys would tease him! He did not feel it was safe to leave the doll in a box that could not be locked.

For a day or two he kept "Stumpy" in brown paper at the back of his desk, behind his books; but soon he learned that his form master might order him at any time to turn out his desk.

"I say, Eric," he said to the boy with whom he had become very friendly, "how would you get rid of anything?"

"Oh, put it in the waste-paper basket or on the fire."

"But there are no fires yet."

"Well, why not throw it in the river? What is it?"

Cecil blushed. "It's—it's something I brought from home by mistake."

"Right ho! On Saturday afternoon I'll come with you down to the ferry and show you the best place."

So on the half-holiday, during a cricket match, the two little boys slipped unnoticed from the field and made their way to the river.

"Don't speak too loudly," advised Eric. "It's out of bounds, you know."

Cecil had a queer-shaped parcel hidden beneath his coat. There was a cottage near the ferry, where lived the Irishman who took people over the river. The boys crouched behind some bushes until his boat was half-way across. Then Cecil threw his parcel as far out into the water as he could, but he forgot that one could not drown "Stumpy."

"Run for it!" cried Eric, as the cottage door opened and a little girl appeared.

Presently they stopped to rest in the shade of a big oak. Eric threw himself full length on his back and closed his eyes; and Cecil was about to imitate him, when he saw to his horror the ferryman's little girl coming towards them and waving a be-draggled "Stumpy."

Cecil sprang to meet her.

"Please," she whispered shyly, "I got your doll out for you with Daddy's old boat-hook."

"I don't want the wretched thing!" exclaimed Cecil.

"Not *want* it? Why, I never had a dolly in my life!"

"Then take this one; *please* do!" urged Cecil, thrusting "Stumpy" into her arms. "And here's sixpence if you promise never to tell how you got it."

The child readily promised, and ran home hugging her new treasure.

That evening Cecil had a letter from his mother. In it she said: "A strange thing has happened. Nobody has seen or heard anything of 'Stumpy' since you went away, and, to tell you the truth, we are not at all sorry!"

Riddle-ma-ree.

1. **W**HY are sluggards' beds too short for them?
2. What is an old lady in the middle of a river like?
3. If a policeman tumbled into the fire, what great poet would he remind you of?
4. What is the difference between a bishop, the letter "d" in the alphabet, a sword fish, and the eyes of a blind man?
5. What burns to keep a secret?
6. Why is your nose like "v" in civility?
7. Why is electricity like the police when they are wanted?
8. What English word of one syllable becomes a word of two syllables by taking away the two first letters.
9. Can a leopard change his spots? and if so, how?

[The Editor will award a book prize to the competitor sending in the best answers.]

Postmark Competition.

Honeysuckle.

IN the warm, sunny days, when hedges and lanes are rich with flowers, there is no sweeter one than honeysuckle. High up on the branches of hawthorns and rose trees it twines its stems, and its blossoms droop over the pathways often just out of reach.

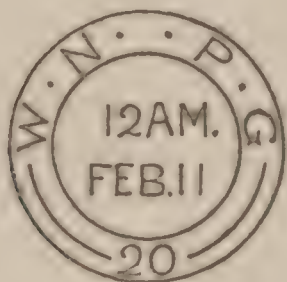
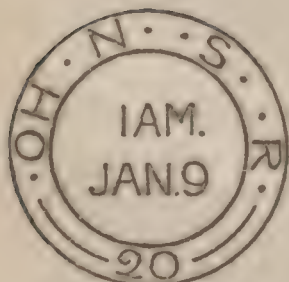
In the early spring one can sometimes see a tree, still quite bare of leaves of its own, that has a shimmer of green over it, because a honeysuckle has twined itself round its stem and branches, and is bursting into leaf before the tree leaves have begun to burst their sheaths. Some people call the honeysuckle eglantine, so that it is the same flower that is meant whichever name is used.

The Hindu Sand Trick.

THIS mystifying trick that was long kept secret by the Hindus consists of placing ordinary sand in a basinful of water, stirring it, and then taking out the sand in handfuls, apparently perfectly dry.

To prepare for the trick put two pounds of fine silver sand in a frying pan and heat it well over a clear fire. Then place in it a small piece of grease or wax of about the consistency of a paraffin candle. Stir it well so as to mix it thoroughly; then let it cool. If you place this sand in a basin of water, it will appear to be perfectly dry when you take it out, because the grease or wax coating on each particle of sand repels the water.

Postmark Competition.



The Postmarks above indicate the names of six towns. The Editor offers two prizes for the two most correct and the neatest answers. This competition is open to all ages up to sixteen.

A Puzzling Game.

MY mother amused all her children with this puzzle. It was a never-failing source of entertainment and a delightful mystery; but if she had told us the secret it would have lost its charm.

"Think of a number."

Perhaps I would think "Four."

"Double it."

I thought, but did not say, "Eight."

Perhaps she would say, "Add six to it."

"Fourteen."

"Divide it by two."

"Seven."

"Take away the first number you thought of, and the remainder will be three."

Sure enough, four from seven does leave three; but I was very much puzzled to know how she knew, for the whole process had been silent on my part. I nearly always said,—

"Let's try it again, mamma."

Suppose I chose "One thousand."

"Now double it," she would say as before.

"Two thousand," I would say quickly; and "Add ten to it," would be the next command.

"Two thousand and ten." That was not hard.

"Divide by two."

"One thousand and five!" I would cry, glad that I had chosen an easy number.

"Take away the first number you thought of, and the remainder will be five."

One might think of ten, another of

seven, and I of six. The result would be the same.

I asked her once what the number that I had thought of was, and was surprised that she did not know; but I learned when I was older that the remainder was always half of the number added.

The Mermaid's Song.

COME, dear children, let us away—
Down and away below!

Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;

Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;

Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail, and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye!

Golden Text for the Month.

If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love.—ST. JOHN xv. 10.

*THE SERIAL STORY.*Smugglers' Island and the
Devil Fires of San Moros.

BY CLARISSA A. KNEELAND.

CHAPTER III.

COMMISSARY MATTERS.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Hadley, hurried back from Guaymas by the awful news, reached the Port, every foot of the Rosalie Group had been searched over. On one had been found a child's handkerchief beaten into the sand. They gave it to Mrs. Hadley, and she looked at it a moment silently. Just a ragged, soiled little thing it was, with a faint trace of what had once been a picture printed in bright colours.

"It's Esther's," said the mother, and she put it away, the most sacred of her treasures. As a matter of fact, it was not Esther's at all—Esther had hers with her at that moment—but the grimy little rag was taken for evidence indisputable that the launch party had been on that particular island.

When Mr. Cunningham returned, he declared himself completely mystified. He knew the launch was in perfect condition when it went out that morning, for he had examined it himself; and he knew Pearson was in every way competent to run it. There had been plenty of warning of the oncoming of the storm, plenty of time to have returned in safety.

So time passed. The Hadleys had

gone from the Port, Delbert's chickens were added to Bobbie's flock, a Mexican family moved into "the safest house in town," Mr. Cunningham bought a new launch, and, so far as the Port was concerned, the incident was closed.

But for Marian in the midst of her hungry, grimy little flock the incident was far from closed. Indeed, it was only begun.

When their food was all gone but the can of tomatoes and a part of the crackers, she made up her mind that nothing but accidental help could be looked for. No one, not even her parents, knew anything about Smugglers' Island, and probably they were thought to have perished in the storm. Perhaps Mr. Pearson had been swamped and drowned. In the course of time some one would come into San Moros for something—Indians hunting turtles maybe—but it might be long months before they saw a human being besides themselves. There was no one to rely upon but themselves; whatever was done they must do themselves.

Looking at the cluster of tousled heads, Marian set her teeth together and clenched her hands tightly. The fierce protective spirit of motherhood swept over her. They were hers, these little ones: come what would, they should not perish; they should be fed, sheltered, cared for. They should have their child's rights of tender love and happiness. Esther, running up just then, was caught in a close embrace and kissed fervently.

The Cave afforded the best shelter

for night that they could find. As soon as things were dried up a little from the storm, Marian set about improving it somewhat. For tools she had only the hatchet, Esther's spade, the dig-spoon, and Delbert's knife and lariat.

With the hatchet she cut sticks and brush, and with the lariat dragged them up to the Cave, where she and Delbert made them as best they could into a sort of roof for the space between the Cave and the big rock in front. It was crude work, of course, but it gave shade and to some extent served as a wind-break, at least. It was just high enough to stand up under.

A place to cook over was soon made of a few rocks, and then Marian turned her attention to the securing of food other than crabs and clams. First there was the banana-patch. Not finding any good way of reaching up to the bunch they found there, they cut the stalk it was on, first looking carefully to see that there was no other bunch on the same stalk. Later on they learned that each stalk bears but a single bunch anyway.

Unquestionably those were the worst bananas that Marian had ever seen in her life. Not only was the fruit small and dwarfed, but about half of each banana was a dry, brown pith, while what remained was very far from being good. But they were food, and Marian conveyed that bunch of bananas to the Cave with the greatest of care.

Then with the hatchet and the knife they cut down a great many other stalks, and dragged them out of the way, so that they could get about in

the patch and see what was there. It was not the pleasantest work in the world, for they had to keep a sharp lookout for ugly, crawling things. They found, however, several other sickly-looking bunches and quite a number of birds' nests. These last Marian was careful to leave undisturbed.

Delbert was anxious to fly a signal flag, and as Marian was wearing an extra petticoat, she decided to dedicate it to that purpose.

But it was a question where was the best place to fly it. There were no very tall trees, and no place where it did not seem to her that a flag would blend with the background. She had really very little hope of its doing any good, but she did not tell that to the children.

At last they picked out a tree, and, after considerable discussion as to ways and means and several ineffectual attempts, finally succeeded in attaching the white skirt to one of the higher branches, where Delbert was sure it would be seen if any one chanced into San Moros.

Delbert was continually mourning that they had no fishhooks and lines. He and Bobbie had been famous fishers—in their own estimations, at least—and he was quite sure that if he only had a hook and line he would be able to haul out innumerable fish from the quiet water about the little rock pier. Marian searched through their belongings, but not a hook could she find, and all her thread was rather fine. But though crabs and clams were good, it took a great many of them to satisfy five people three times a day.

A few quail occasionally wandered into Delbert's traps, and from there into Marian's kettle; but Marian was not content, and one day she braided her hair in two braids down her back and tried her hand at making fish-hooks out of her wire hairpins. She had not brought her shears with her, but in her bag was a pair of little buttonhole scissors that could be made to serve as pliers, perhaps, and her pretty pearl-handled penknife had a nail-file on one blade. She could not put barbs on her hooks, but she could sharpen them with the file. As one hairpin by itself was not strong enough, she straightened out three and bound them tightly together with embroidery silk.

After working faithfully all her spare time, one day she finished a hook that she and Delbert were both sure would work. Then came the question of a line.

"Delbert," she said, "quite a while ago wasn't Bobbie's Uncle Jim teaching you boys how to braid round whiplashes? Yes? Well, do you remember now how he did it?"

"I guess I do," said the boy slowly; "but you haven't got near enough thread to make a line strong enough to amount to shucks. That coloured silk would be all right, but you've got only a teeny bit of that."

Marian smiled. "Why is your rope better than a common one?" she asked him.

"'Cause it's hair, and it won't rot and wear out like the fibre ones."

Marian was unbraiding one of the long braids that hung over her shoulder,

and with the scissors she snipped out here and there, where it would not show, quite a number of tresses.

"Here," she said, "you get busy now and let's see if you know how to braid a nice, smooth, round line, and then you can show me how, too."

"O Marian, your pretty, pretty hair!"

"Yes, I know; it has been my pretty hair all my life, and it's high time it was useful as well as ornamental."

But it took a long time to braid the line, and food had to be secured meantime. Food! that was the main topic of conversation—to find clams, to get big crabs, to make traps and set and watch them afterwards. Never a fish was sighted but they wondered if it was good to eat; never a bird flew over but they discussed whether or not it would cook up tender. Delbert always went twice a day, at least, to look over his traps. Simple things they were, made of sticks fastened together with strips of rag torn from the towel that had been wrapped around the bread, and afterwards of the fibrous stems of the banana leaves. Every day he saw rabbits, and one day he threw a stone that hit one on the head and stunned it, and he dispatched it with his knife.

It was after the rabbit incident that the little boy came in one day from making the round of the traps, holding by the tail a good-sized rattlesnake.

"Mercy!" cried Marian; "how did you kill that?"

"With sticks and stones," he answered. "He was right there in the

path by my last trap, and I settled his hash in a jiffy. Say, Marian, he looks nice and fat. Bobbie's Uncle Jim says they are as good eating as eel."

Marian gasped, "Snakes!" But the clams were getting scarce in the immediate vicinity, and she had even begun to imagine that the crabs were not quite so plentiful on the little sand-beaches.

Marian was thinking she had certainly heard of people eating rattlesnakes and—well—"All right," she said, turning away to the construction of the fishline; "you skin it, Delbert, and I'll cook it."

The filtered water in the demijohn did not last very long, of course, and when it was gone Marian marshalled all hands to clean out the spring. She usually marshalled all hands when there was anything to be done, because somehow she could not bear to have any of the children out of her sight for any length of time. When they were with her she knew they were safe.

She had hoped that when she got the stones cleared away the spring would reveal itself as something extra good in the way of water-supply; but it did not. Indeed, she was at last forced to the conclusion that it was no spring at all, only a shallow little well.

So she dug and scooped till she had a hole with about a foot of water in it, and then she smoothed the sides and laid rocks so the sandy soil should not cave in. From the tracks abounding in the vicinity she concluded that the deer and burros both were accustomed to drink there, and while she was willing that they should continue to

do so, she did not want them poking their noses into the very pool that she must dip from for her little flock; so she made a cover with some sticks and pieces of driftwood and some stones to keep them in place, and then, to be still surer, she hollowed out another place for her four-footed neighbours.

"Dear me! Delbert," she said playfully, "why didn't we have sense enough to bring a hoe and shovel with us?"

"I know what I could do if you had brought your shears," spoke up Jennie.

"What, dear?"

"I'd cut a thing from this," holding up the piece of tin cut from the end of one of the cans of corn, "that Delbert could spear fish with."

Delbert stared at her a minute, and then with one of his nervously quick movements possessed himself of the ragged bit of tin.

The idea was certainly worth trying. Marian would not ruin her precious buttonhole scissors cutting tin with them, but she scratched the pattern on the bit of tin and then went over it with the tip of the butcher-knife, denting it; and the dents, made deeper and deeper, finally became holes, and then soon there was her spearhead, such as it was, needing only to be smoothed up a little and filed and bound on the end of a smooth, slender stick that Delbert had been preparing.

Marian split the end of the stick a little and slipped in the bit of tin, bound the stick with thread that she had doubled and twisted till it was strong enough to suit her, then tied the lariat rope to the other end of the stick.

Delbert spent the next day in ex-

exercising the new tool. His patience was certainly marvellous. Hour after hour went by with no success, but he was sure he would be successful some other time.

As Marian was carefully dipping water from the beach well one morning, Jennie and Esther came running to her in great excitement.

"O Marian, come quick! The High-Tide Pool is full of fish, and Delbert is going to spear them all!"

This was interesting, certainly. The High-Tide Pool was some distance from where they had the well and the cooking-place. It was beyond the sandy beach, where the rocks ran down into the water. When the tide was high it had considerable depth, and ran back into a little cave among the rocks; but at low tide the water was only two or three feet deep in its deepest part, which was in the cave.

Delbert was spearing industriously when Marian got there. He had actually caught one, and it flapped feebly on the rocks beside him.

"See that?" he called to Marian. "Told you I could spear fish! But they all want to hide back there in the cave. I tell you, Marian, I'll go in there and drive them out, and you can stand here and spear them. We'll just keep spearing and spearing till the tide comes in and the rest get away. I bet we can get enough for several days. We can dry 'em as the Mexicans do."

He handed her the spear and began hastily to disrobe, and when he got into the pool he created such a commotion that several of the fish, in their wild endeavour to escape, flopped clear

out on the bare rocks and were easily captured. By that time a better idea had come to Marian.

"O Delbert," she cried, "come out now. We have enough for breakfast and dinner too. I have a scheme for keeping them all. This is too good a thing to let the tide take away from us. Why, there must be fish enough in there to last us a week or two. See, Delbert, we must build some kind of a fence across, so that they can't get away when high tide does come. Then we can come every day and get what we want till they are all gone."

She went to work systematically. She set the children to bringing rocks, while she and Delbert cut the stakes and brush up on the hillside and dragged them down with the rope. Then, selecting the place where she could accomplish her purpose with the least labour, she set a row of stakes a little way apart, piling rocks about each one till it was quite firm and solid, and then began weaving in brush.

It was a long task, but she did it thoroughly. She dared not slight it in a single place; it must be strong enough to resist the force of the waves, and it must be so solid that no fish of any considerable size could get through, and she dared not stop, she dared not stop. The tide began creeping back over the rocks.

Finally she finished it with the water waist-deep around her, and as she dragged herself out it seemed as if she had never been so tired in all her life before; but she was sure that her work was done well.

(To be continued.)

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 60. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than March 15.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for March.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers three prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

FAIRY TALE COMPETITION.

Write an original fairy tale. The story must not exceed 300 words.

STRANGE CITIES COMPETITION.

1. Take fifteen hundred (in Roman numerals) from a well-populated city, and it will become dry and barren.

2. Remove fifty from a great city in the British Empire, and the town will then be situated on a Russian river.

3. Transpose the letters of a certain city in France, and make it at least four.

4. What city is full of water and half ice?

5. Take fifty-one from a German city, and it will become a town in Switzerland.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing (a little larger) of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Who were the Levites?
2. Write a short story of the life of St. Paul before his conversion.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Write in your own words the story of *Sleeping Beauty*.

DROPPED LETTER PUZZLE.

T.e.e .a. a .o.n. f r.v..r. b. .igt,
A.. B.l.u.'s .a.i.a. h.d g.t.e.'d t.e.
H.r b.a.t. a.d .e. c.i.a.r., .n. b.i.h.
T.e l.m.s .h.n. o'r .a.r w.m.n .n. b.a.e
m.n. B.R..

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a few tulips in a vase, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Write from memory the story of the early life of Samuel.

For Children under Ten only.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write a letter to Aunt Mary telling her the story of the *Babes in the Wood*.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a plate, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for January.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. Isobel Hendry, 92 North Brown Street, Broughty Ferry.
2. Eileen Magee, Lisdoon, Urney, Strabane, Co. Tyrone.
3. Herbert Pollock, Darvel Road, Newmilns.

Honourable Mention.—Andrew Drummond, 63 Parnie Street, Glasgow; Vera Osborn, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; Evelyn Edwards and Nellie Turner, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

HIDDEN NAMES COMPETITION.

1. Lawrence Francis, 22 Eldon Street, Greenock.
2. Doreen Worrick, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt.
3. T. W. Currie, Cross Glebe, Sandholes, Dungannon.

Honourable Mention.—W. A. Norwood, The Bull, Wooburn Green, Bucks; Elizabeth Stevenson, 83 Wellington Street, Greenock; Betty Logan, 54 Abercorn Road, Londonderry; Hugh Gibson, Thistle House, West Kilbride; Jean MacLaine, 6 Drumdyne Avenue, Govan, Glasgow.

The correct names were:—Joan, May, Margaret, Laura, Dorothy, Millicent, Victoria, Catherine, Helen, Mary, Elizabeth, Lily, Daisy, Frances, Rosemary, and Sheila.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. F. M. Dodds, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon. 2. Nellie Gregory, Minshull Vernon Church of England School, near Crewe. 3. Helen Stewart, 4 Anderson Street, Cambusnethan, Wishaw.

Honourable Mention.—Ena Telfer, 1 Belgrave Terrace, Corstorphine; Barbara Perring, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Edith Kidd, 9 Anwoth Villas, Corstorphine; Effie Galloway, 11 Queen's Park Avenue, Crosshill, Glasgow; Tom Wilson, Diamond, Coleraine, Co. Derry; Mary Arrow-smith, Minshull Vernon Church of England School, near Crewe.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Maggie M'Dowell, Laurel Vale, Tandragee, Co. Armagh. 2. Ivy Fleming, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt. 3. Dorothy Weldon, "Glendara," Cliftonville Road, Belfast.

Honourable Mention.—Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton; Thomas Brayne and Harry Blakemore, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Irene Wilson, Kilnaslee, Donaghmore, Co. Tyrone; Bertha Aitchison, Cloyfin, Kilgrain, Coleraine; Edna Reid and Kathie Spencer, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt.

LETTER COMPETITION (A).

1. F. George Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal. 2. Walter Kinsman, 8 Cistern Street, Totnes. 3. Gay Osborne-Browne, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt.

Honourable Mention.—John Dunn and Edwin Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal; Kathleen Annear, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt.

JUMBLED LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Elsie Horn, Laurel House, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring, Herts. 2. Gladys Garrett, 6 Hertford Street, Oxford. 3. Winifred Lindley, 29 Winfield Mount, Blackman Lane, Leeds.

Honourable Mention.—Kathleen Holland, 129 Magdalen Road, Cowley Road, Oxford; Violet Howe, 3 Bois Moor Road, Chesham Bois, Bucks; Daisy Hill, Church of England School, Knowstone, South Molton; Lily Radbourne, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon; Eva Dowell, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Ada James and Violet Fiddler, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring.

[The successful competitors nearly all sent in beautifully coloured answers.]

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Leslie Silvester, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon. 2. Nellie Saffrey, Church Girls' School, Totnes. 3. Edgar Herbert, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring, Herts.

Honourable Mention.—Violet Banks, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; E. V. Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal; Kathleen Rice and Eva Dowell, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Alex. Thomson, 98 Gavin Street, Motherwell; Alison Wilson, 189 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh; Albert Gibbs, New Road, Rubery, Birmingham.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Irene Poate, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt. 2. George Goldicott, Clifford Chambers, Stratford-on-Avon. 3. Robert Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal.

Honourable Mention.—Eileen Driver and Vera Hill, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; Ethel Pope and George Cross, Kemberton School, Shifnal.

LETTER COMPETITION (B).

1. Emiline Rose, Castlemere School, Rochdale. 2. Leonard Haigh, 60 Savile Park Street, Halifax. 3. Maggie Thomson, 60 College Street, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Nessie Spencer, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; Bernard Gibbs, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham; Edith Thomas, The Beeches, Clarkston, Glasgow; Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent; Freda Grice, Homeleigh, Holy Well Lane, Rubery, Birmingham; Doris Caseley, Church Girls' School, Totnes.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Alfred Osborne, Exchange Street, Attleboro'. 2. Cuthbert Mardell, Hopebrook Farm, Ivinghoe Aston, Tring. 3. James Austin, Saughton Villa, Corstorphine.

Honourable Mention.—John Jones, Post Office, Trefnant, Denbigh; Marion Codd, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Harold Seymour, Manchester House, Lane End, High Wycombe; Margaret Taylor, Rosebank, Clydesdale Street, Hamilton; Doris Cowie, St. Margaret's, Station Road, Corstorphine; Bessie Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal.

DIVISIONS OF TIME COMPETITION.

Hamish Grant, 55 Greenfield Street, Alloa.

POSTMARK COMPETITION.

1. Gwendoline Bickerton, 126 Magdalen Road, Cowley Road, Oxford. 2. Maggie Parkhill, Waverley Terrace, Coleraine.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM. March.

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Age last Birthday.....

Address.....

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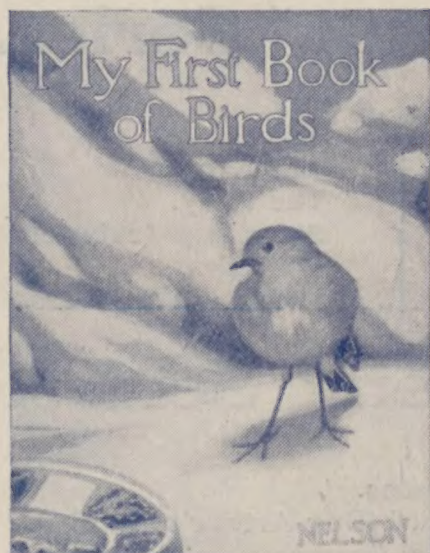
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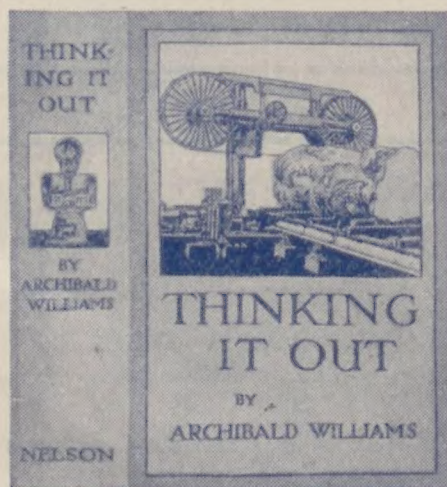
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